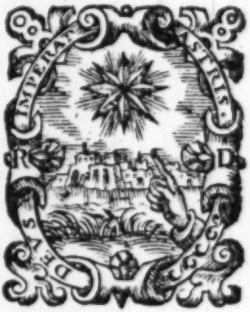
VIRGIDEMIARVM.

The three laſt Bookes.

Of byting Satyres.



Imprinted at London by *Richard Bradocke* for *Robert Dexter* at the ſigne-of the *Braſen Serpent* in *Paules Church yarde*, 1598.

The Authors charge to *his Satyres*.

YE luck-leſſe Rymes, whom not vnkindly ſpight
Begot long ſince of Truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of Silence and ſtill night
Vntill the broyles of next vnquiet age
That which is others graue, ſhall be your wombe.
And that which beares you, your eternall Toombe.

Ceaſe ere ye gin, and ere ye liue be dead,
And dye and liue ere euer ye be borne,
And be not bore, ere ye be Buryed,
Then after liue, ſith you haue dy'd beforne,
When I am dead and rotten in the duſt,
Then gin to liue, and leaue when others luſt.

For when I dye ſhall Enuie die with mee
And lye deepe ſmothered with my Marble-ſtone,
Which while I liue cannot be done to dye,

Nor,

Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yelde t' awayt my mourning hearſe.
But for my dead corps change my lining verſe.

VVhat ſhall the aſhes of my ſenſeleſſe vrne,
Neede to regard the rauing worlde aboue.
Sith afterwards I neuer can returne
To feele the force of Hatred or of Loue?
Oh if my ſoule could ſee their Poſt-hume ſpight
Should it not ioy and Triumph in the ſight?

What euer eye ſhalt finde this hateſull ſcrolle,
After the date of my deare Exequies
Ah pitty thou my playning Orphanes *dole*
That faine would ſee the Sunne before it dyes;
It dy'de before, now let it liue agane,
Then let it dye, and bide ſome famus bane.

Satis eſt potuiſſe videri.

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 4.

SAT. 1.

Che baiar Vuol, bai.

WHO dares vpbraid theſe open rimes of mine,
With blindfold *Aquines*, or darke *Vennſine*?
Or rough-hew'ne *Teretiſius* writ in th'antique vain
Like an old *Satyre*, and new *Flaccian*?
Which who reads thriſe, & rubs his rugged brow,
And deepe indenteth euery doubtfull row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing ſtars
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a merchants debt-role new defact
When ſome crack'd *Manour* croſt his book at laſt)
Should all in rage the Curſe-beat Page out-riue,
And in ech duſt-heape bury mee aliue

SAT. I.

Stamping like *Bucephall*, whose slackned raynes,
And bloody fet-lockes fry with seuen mens braines;
More cruell then the crauon *Satyres* Ghost,
That bound dead-bones vnto a burning post,
Or some more strait-lae'd Iuror of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holy Fax inquest;
Yet well bethought stoops downe, and reads a new,
The best lies low, and loaths the shallow view,
Quoth old *Eudemon*, when his gout-swolne fist
Gropes for his double Ducates in his chist:
Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,
To pose the poore-blind snake of *Epidaore*.
That *Lyncius* may be match't with *Gaulards* sight,
That sees not *Paris* for the houses height;
Or wilie *Cyppus*, that can winke and snort
Whiles his wife dallyes on *Macenas* skort;
Yet when hee hath my crabbed Pamphlet red:
As oftentimes as *PHILIP* hath beene dead,

Bids

SATYR. 1.

Bids all the Furies haunt ech peeuiſh line
That thus haue rackt their friendly readerseyne;
Worſe then the *Logogryphes* of later times,
Or *Hundreth Riddles* ſhak't to ſleeue-leſſe rimes;
Should I endure theſe curſes and diſpight
While no mans eare ſhould glow at what I write?
Labeo is whip't, and laughs mee in the face
Why? for I ſmite and hide the galled-place.
Gird but the *Cynicks* Helmet on his head,
Cares hee for *Talus*, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the craftie *Cuttle* lieth ſure
In the blacke *Cloud* of his thicke vomiture;
Who liſt complaine of wronged faith or fame
When hee may ſhift it to anothers name?
Caluus can ſcratch his elbow, and can ſmile,
That thriſt-leſſe *Pontice* bites his lip the while
Yet I intended in that leſſe deuiſe,
To checke the churle for his knowne couetiſe.

SAT. 1.

Ech points his ſtraight fore-finger to his friend,
Like the blind Diall on the Belfrey end,
Who turns it homeward to ſay, this is *I*,
As bolder *Socrates* in the Comedie?
But ſingle out, and ſay once plat and plaine
That coy *Matrona* is a Curtizan,
Or thou falſe *Criſpus* chokd'ſt thy welthy gueſt
Whiles hee lay ſnoring at his midnight reſt,
And in thy dung-cart did'ſt the carkaſſe ſhrine
And deepe intombe it in *Port-eſquiline*;
Proud *Trebius* liu's for all his princely gate
Or third-hand ſuits, and ſcrapings of the plate,
Titius knew not where to ſhroud his head
Vntill hee did a dying widow wed;
Whiles ſhee lay doting on her deathes bed
And now hath purchaſ'd lands with one nights paine,
And on the morrow woes and weds againe.
Now ſee I fire-flakes ſparkle from his eies

Like

SAT. 1.

Like to a *Comets* tayle in th'angrie skies,
His pouting cheeks puff vp aboue his brow,
Like a swolne Toad touch't with the Spiders blow;
His mouth shrinks sideward like a scornfull *Playse*
To take his tired Eares ingratefull place:
His Eares hang lauing like a new-lug'd swine
To take some counsell of his grieued eyne,
Now laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see
This pleasing pastime of my poesie,
Much better then a Paris-Garden Beare
Or prating puppet on a Theatere.
Or *Mimoes* whistling to his tabouret
Selling a laughter for a cold meales meat;
Go to then ye my sacred *Semones*;
And please mee more, the more ye doe displease;
Care we for all those bugs of ydle feare?
For *Tigels* grinning on the Theater,
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crue,

SAT. 1.

Or wind-ſpent verdicts of ech Ale-knights view,
What euer breſt doth freeze for ſuch falſe dread;
Beſhrew his baſe white liuer for his meede;
Fond were that pittie, and that feare were ſin,
To ſpare waſt leaues that ſo deſerued bin:
Thoſe tooth-leſſe *Toyes* that dropt out by miſ-hap,
Bee but as lightning to a thunder-clap:
Shall then that foule infamous *Cyneds* hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others ſide?
Not, if hee were as neere; as by report,
The ſtewes had wont be to the Tenis-court.
Hee that while thouſands enuy at his bed,
Neighs after Bridals, and freſh-mayden head;
While ſlauiſh *Iuno* dares not looke awry
To frowne at ſuch imperious riualrie,
Not tho ſhee ſees her wedding Iewels dreſt
To make new *Bracelets* for a ſtrumpets wreſt,
Or like ſome ſtrange diſguiſed *Meſſaline*.

Hires

SAT. 1.

Hires a nights lodging of his concubine;
Whether his twi-light-torch of loue doe call
To reuels of vncleanly Muſicall,
Or midnight playes, or Tauerns of new wine,
Hy ye white Aprons; to your Land-Lords ſigne;
When all ſaue tooth-leſſe age or infancie,
Are ſummon'd to the Court of Venerie.
Who liſt excuſe? when chaſter dames can hyre,
Some ſhoue-fayre ſtripling to their Apple-ſquire:
Whom ſtak'd vp like to ſome ſtallion-ſteed
They keepe with Egs and Oyſters for the breed;
O *Lucine!* barren *Caia* hath an heire
After her husband's dozen yeares deſpayre:
And now the bribed Mid-wife ſweares a pace,
The baſtard babe doth beare his fathers face;
But hath not *Lelia* paſt her virgine yeares?
For modeſt ſhame (God wot) or penall feares.
He tells a Merchant tidings of a priſe.

That

SAT. 1.

That tells *Cynedo* of ſuch noueltie;
Worth litle leſſe then landing of a whale,
Or *Gades* ſpoyles, or a churls funerall:
Go bid the banes, and poynt the bridall-day,
His broking Baud hath got a noble prey,
A vacant tenement, an honeſt dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That hee, baſe wretch, may clog his wit-old head
And giue him hanſell of his Hymen-bed:
Ho! all ye Females that would liue vnſhent
Fly from the reach of *Cyneds* regiment;
If Trent be drawn to dregs, and *Low* refuſe,
Hence ye hot lechour, to the ſteaming ſtewes.
Tyber the famous ſinke of Chriſtendome
Turn thou to *Thames*, & *Thames* rũn towards *Rome*,
What euer damned ſtreame but thine were meete
To quench his luſting liuers boyling heat.
Thy double draught may quench his dog-daies rage

With

SAT. 1.

With ſome ſtale *Bacchis*, or obſequious page,
When writhen *Lena* makes her ſale-ſet ſhowes:
Of wooden *Venus* with fayre limned browes,
Or like him more ſome vayled *Matrones* face,
Or trayned prentiſe trading in the place:
The cloſe adultereſſe, where her name is red
Coms erauling from her husbands lukewarme bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odors ſweet,
Groping the poſtern with her bared feet.
Now play the *Satyre* who ſo liſt for mee,
Valentine ſelfe, or ſome as chaſt as hee;
In vaine ſhee wiſheth long *Alchmenas* night
Curſing the haſty dawning of the light,
And with her cruell Ladie-ſtarre vproſe
Shee ſeekes her third rouſt on her ſilent toes.
Beſmeared all with loathſome ſmoke of luſt
Like *Acherons* ſteemes, or ſmoldring ſulphur duſt,
Yet all day ſits ſhee ſimpring in her mew

Like

SAT. 1.

Like ſome chaſt dame, or ſhrined ſaynct in ſhew,
Whiles hee lies wallowing with a weſty hed
And paliſh carkaſſe, on his *Brothel*-bed,
Till his ſalt bowels boyle with poyſonous fire,
Right *Hercules* with his ſecond *Deianire*:
O *Eſculape!* how rife is Phiſicke made
When ech *Braſſe*-baſen can profeſſe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And doe the beaſtly cure for ten-grotes gaine?
All theſe & more, deſerue ſome blood-drawne lines,
But my ſixe Cords beene of too looſe a twine,
Stay till my beard ſhal ſweepe mine aged breſt,
Then ſhall I ſeeme an awfull *Satyriſt*;
While now my rimes relliſh of the Ferule ſtill,
Some noſe-wiſe *Pedant* ſaith; whoſe deep ſeen skill
Hath three times conſtrued eyther *Flaccus* ore
And thriſe reheard them in his Triuiall floare,
So let them taxe mee for my hote-bloodes rage,
Rather then ſay I doted in my age. *Arca-*

SAT. 2.

Arcades ambo.

OLD driueling *Lolio* drudges all he can,
To make his eldeſt ſonne a Gentleman;
Who can deſpayre that ſees another thriue,
By ſale of twelue-pence to an Oyſter-wiue?
when a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
Was all rich *Nennius* his heritage.
Nought ſpendeth he for feare, nor ſpares for coſt,
And all he ſpendes and ſpaires beſide is loſt;
Himſelfe goes patch'd like ſome bare *Cottyer*,
Leaſt he might ought the future ſtocke appeyre.
Let giddy *Coſmius* change his choyce aray,
Like as the *Turke* his Tents thriſe in a day.

And

SAT. 2.

And all the ſun and ayre his ſutes vntold
From ſpightfull mothes, and fret, and hoary mold,
Bearing his paune-layd lands vpon his backe
As ſnayles their ſhels, or pedlers doe their packe:
Who cannot ſhine in tiſſues and pure gold,
That hath his lands and patrimonie ſold?
Lolioes ſide-cote is rough *Pampilian*
Guilded with drops that downe the boſome ran,
White Carſy hoſe, patched on eyther knee,
The very Embleme of good husbandrie.
And a knit night-cap made of courſeſt twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day
Vpon a ſtraw-ſtu'ſt pannell, all the way;
With a Maund charg'd with houſhold merchandiſe
With egs, or white-meat, from both Dayries:
And with that byes he roſt for ſunday-noone,
Proud how he made that weeks prouiſion;

Elſe

SAT. 2.

Elſe is he ſtall-fed on the workey-day
With browne-bread cruſts ſoſtened in ſodden whay,
Or water-grewell, or thoſe paups of meale
That *Maro* makes his *Simule*, and *Cybeale*.
Or once a weeke perhaps for nouelty,
Ree'zd Bacon ſoords ſhall feaſt his family;
And weens this more then one egge cle'ſt in twaine
To feaſt ſome patrone and his chappelaine:
Or more then is ſome hungry gallants dole
That in a dearth runs ſneaking to an hole;
And leaues his man and dog to keepe his hall
Leaſt the wild roome ſhould run forth of the wall;
Good man! him liſt not ſpend his idle meales
In quinſing Plouers, or in winning Quailes;
Nor toot in Cheap-ſide baſkets earne and late
To ſet the firſt tooth in ſome nouell-cate (pleaſe
Let ſweeet-mouth'd *Mercia*, bid what crowns ſhe
For halfe-red Cherries, or greene garden-peaſe,

Or

SAT. 2.

Or the first Artichoks of all the yeare,
To make so lauish cost for little cheare:
When *Eolio* fealteth in his reueling fit,
Some starued Pullen scoures the rusted spit.
For else how should his sonne maintained bee,
At Ins of Court or of the Chancery:
There to learne law, and courtly carriage,
To make amendes for his meane parentage,
Where he vnknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant ech-where for a Gentleman.
What brokers louly wardrop cannot teach,
With tissued pânes to prank ech peasants breech?
Couldst thou but giue the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud *Sartorio* that goes straddling by,
Wer't not the needle pricked on his sleeue
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word giue?
But hear'st thou *Loliocs* sonne, gin not thy gate,
Vntill the euening Oule or bloody-Batt.

Neuer

SAT. 2.

Neuer vntill the lamps of of *Paules* beene light,
And niggard lanternes ſhade the Moon-ſhine night;
Then when the guiltie bankrupt in bold dread,
From his cloſe Cabin thruſts his ſhrinking head,
That hath bene long in ſhady ſhelter pent
Impriſoned for feare of priſonment.
May be ſome ruſſet-cote *Parochian*
Shall call thee coſen, friend or countryman,
And for thy hoped fiſt croſſing the ſtreet,
Shall in thy fathers name his God-ſon greete,
Could neuer man worke the a worſer ſhame
Then once to minge thy fathers odious name,
Whoſe mention were alike to thee as leeue
As a Catch-pols fiſt vnto a Bankrupts ſleeue;
Or an, *Hos ego*, from old *Petrarchs* ſpright
Vnto a Plagiarie ſonnet-wright.
There ſoone as he can kiſſe his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,

SAT. 2.

Or make a *Spaniſh* face with fauning cheere,
With th'Iland-Congè like a Caualier;
And ſhake his head, and cringe his necke and ſide,
Home hyes he in his fathers Farme to bide,
The Tenants wonder at their Land-Lords Sonne,
And bleſſe them at ſo ſudden comming on.
More then who vies his pence to viewe ſome trick,
Of ſtrange *Moroccoes* dumbe Arithmetike,
Or the young Elephant, or two-tayl'd ſteere,
Or the rigd' Camell, or the Fidling Frere.
Nay then his *Hodge* ſhall leaue the plough & waine,
And buy a booke, and to *Schole* againe,
Why mought not he aſwell as others done:
Riſe from his *Feſtue* to his *Littleton*.
Fooles, they may feede with words & liue by ayre,
That climbe to honor by the Pulpits ſtayre.
Sit ſeuen yeares pining in an *Anchores* cheyre,
To win ſome patched ſhreds of *Miniuere*,

And

SAT. 2.

And ſeuen more plod at a Patrons tayle,
To get a gelded Chappels cheaper ſayle.
Olde *Lolio* ſees and laugheth in his ſleeue,
At the great hope they and his ſtate do giue,
But that which glads and makes him proud'ſt of all,
Is when the brabling Neighbours on him call,
For counſell in ſome crabbed caſe of lawe,
Or ſome Indentments, or ſome bond to draw:
His Neighbours gooſe hath grazed on his Lea,
What action mought be entred in the plea,
So new-falne lands haue made him in requeſt,
That now he lookes as lofty as the beſt.
And well done *Lolio*, like a thriſty ſyre,
T'were pitty but thy ſonne ſhould proue a ſquire,
How I fore-ſee in many ages paſt,
When *Lolioes* caytiue name is quite defa'ſt,
Thine heyre, thine heyres heyre, & his heire againe
From out the loynes of careſull *Lolian*,

SAT. 2.

Shall climbe vp to the Chancell pewes on hie,
And rule and raigne in their rich Tenancie;
When perch't aloft to perfect their eſtate
They racke their rents vnto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour commonlands,
And clogge their ſlauiſh tenant with commaunds
Whiles they, poore ſoules, with feeling ſighs cõplain
And wiſh old *Lolio* were aliue againe;
And praiſe his gentle ſoule and wiſh it weell
And of his friendly facts fall often tell.
His father dead, tuſh, no it was not hee,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tels how firſt his famous Anceſtor
Did come in long ſince with the conquerour.
Nor hath ſome bribed Herald firſt aſſign'd
His quartered Armes and creſt of gentle kinde,
The ſcottiſh Barnacle (if I might chooſe)
That of a worme doth wax a winged gooſe;

Nathe-

SAT. 2.

Natheleſſe ſome hungry ſquire for hope of good
Matches the churles Sonne into gentle blood,
Whoſe ſonne more iuſtly of his gentry boaſts
Then who were borne at two pide-painted poſts;
And had ſome traunting Merchant to his ſyre
That traufiqu'ed both by water and by fyre.
O times! ſince euer *Rome* did Kings create,
Braſſe Gentlemen, and *Ceſar* Laureates.

SAT. 3.

Fuimus Troës.

VEL

Vix ea nostra.

WHat boots it *Pontice*, tho thou could'st discourse
Of a long golden line of Ancestors?
Or shew their painted faces gaylie dreſt,
From euer since before the last conquest;
Or tedious *Bedroles* of descended blood,
From Father *Iaphet* since *Deucalions* flood,
Or call some old Church-windowes to record,
The age of thy fayre Arms,
Or find some figures halfe *Obliterate*:
In rain-beat Marble neare to the Church-gate,

Vpon

SAT. 3.

Vpon a Croſſe-leg'd Toombe: what boots it thee
To ſhew the ruſted *Buckle* that did tie,
The Garter of thy greateſt Grand-ſires knee,
What to reſerue their reliques many yeares,
Their ſiluer-ſpurs, or ſpils of broken ſpeares;
Or cite olde *Oelands* verſe, how they did weild,
The wars in *Turwin*, or in *Turney* field;
And if thou canſt in picking ſtrawes engage
In one halfe day thy fathers heritage,
Or hide what euer treaſures he thee got,
In ſome deepe Cock-pit; or in deſperate Lot
Vpon a ſixe-ſquare peece of Iuorie,
Throw both thy ſelfe, and thy Poſteritie?
Or if (O ſhame) in hired Harlots bed
Thy wealthy heyre-dome thou haue buried,
Then *Pontice* little boots thee to diſcourſe,
Of a long golden line of Anceſtors:
Ventrous *Fortunio* his farme hath ſold,

SAT. 3.

And gads to *Guiane* land to fish for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if *Orenoque* denye,
Some straggling pinnace of *Polonian Rie.*
Then comes home floting with a silken sayle,
That *Seuerne* shaketh with his Canon-peale;
Wyser *Raymundus* in his closet pent,
Laughs at such daunger and aduenturement;
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And nowe his second hopefull glasse is broke.
But yet if haply his third fornace hold,
Deuoteth all his pots and pans to gold;
So spend thou *Pontice*, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout sea-man or *Philosopher*;
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise,
No thanke to thee by whome their name decays;
By vertue got they it, and valourous deed,
Do thou so *Pontice*, and be honoured:
But els looke howe their vertue was their owne,

Not

SAT. 3.

Not capable of propagation,
Right ſo their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whoſe ill deſerts might blancke their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle *Troian*; doſt thou priſe
Thy brute beaſts worth by their dams qualities;
Say'ſt thou this *Colt* ſhall prooue a ſwift-pac'd ſteed,
Only becauſe a *Iennet* did him breed?
Or ſay'ſt thou this ſame Horſſe ſhall win the prize,
Becauſe his dame was ſwifteſt *Truncheſſee*,
Or *Runcuall* his Syre; himſelfe a *Gallaway*?
Whiles like a tireling lade he lags half-waye;
Or whiles thou ſeeſt ſome of thy *Stallion-race*,
Their eyes boar'd out, maſking the Millers-maze,
Like to a *Scythian* ſlaue ſworne to the payle;
Or dragging froathy barrels at his tayle?
Albee wiſe Nature in her prouidence,
Wont in the want of reaſon and of ſence,
Traduce the natiue vertue with the kinde,

Making

SAT. 3.

Making all brute and senseleſſe things inclin'd,
Vnto their cauſe, or place where they were ſowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one;
Was neuer Foxe but wily cubs begets;
The Beare his feirce-neſſe to his brood beſets;
Nor fearefull Hare fals out of Lyons ſeede,
Nor Eagle wont the tender Doue to breede;
Creet euer wont the *Cypreſſe* ſad to beare,
Acheron banks the paliſh Popelare;
The Palme doth riſely riſe in Iury field,
And *Alpheus* waters nought but Oliues wild.
Æſopus breeds big-Bul-Ruſhes alone,
Meander heath; Peaches by *Nilus* growne;
An Engliſh Wolfe, an Iriſh Toad to ſee,
Were as a chaſt-man nurſ'd in *Italie*.
And now when *Nature* giues another guide,
To humane-kind that in his boſome bides:
Aboue inſtinct his reaſon and diſcourſe,

His

SAT. 3.

His bee ing better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldome see we sonns succeed,
Their Fathers praise in prowesse, and great deed;
Yet, certes if the *Syre* be ill inclin'd
His faults befall his sonns by course of kinde;
Scaurus was couetous; his sonne not so,
But not his pared nayle will hee forgoe:
Florian the syre did women loue a life,
And so his sonne doth too; all, but his wife:
Brag of thy Fathers faults, they are thine owne;
Brag of his Lands, if those bee not forgone:
Brag of thine owne good deeds, for they are thine,
More then his life, or lands, or golden line.

Plus

SAT. 4.

Plus beau que fort.

CAn I not touch ſome vpſtart carpet-ſheild
Of *Lolio's* ſonne, that neuer ſaw the field,
Or taxe wild *Pontice* for his *Luxuries*,
But ſtraight they tell mee of *Tireſias* eyes,
Or luckleſſe *Collingborns* feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth *Scalps* which *Thames* ſtill vnderflowes?
But ſtraight *Sigalion* nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waſtes his warming hand for feare,
And liſps ſome ſilent letters in my eare?
Haue I not vow'd for ſhunning ſuch debate
(Pardon ye Satyres) to degenerate?
And wading low in this plebeian lake

That

SAT. 4.

That no ſalt waue ſhall froath vpon my backe,
Let *Labeo*, or who elſe liſt for mee,
Go looſe his eares and fall to *Alchymie.*
Onely, let *Gallio* giue me leaue a while
To ſchoole him once, or ere I change my ſtyle.
O lawleſſe paunch the cauſe of much deſpight,
Through raunging of a curriſh appetite,
When ſpleniſh morſels cram the gaping Maw,
Withouten diets care, or trencher-law,
Tho neuer haue I *Salerne* rimes profeſt
To be ſome Ladies trencher criticke gueſt;
Whiles each bitt cooleth for the Oracle
Whoſe ſentence charms it with a ryming ſpell;
Touch not this Coler, that Melancholy
This bit were dry and hote, that cold and dry;
Yet can I ſet my *Gallios* dieting,
A peſtle of a Larke, or Plouers wing,
And warne him not to caſt his wanton eyne

On

SAT. 4.

On groſſer *Bacon*, or ſalt Haberdine,
Or dried Fliches of ſome ſmoked *Beeue*,
Hang'd on a writhen with, ſince *Martins* eue,
Or burnt Larkes heeles, or Raſhers raw and grene,
Or Melancholike liuer of an Hen,
Which ſtout *Vorano* brag's to make his feaſt,
And claps his hand on his braue Oſtrige-breſt;
Then fals to praiſe the hardy *Ianizar*,
That ſucks his horſe ſide thirſting in the warre;
Laſtly to ſeale vp all that he hath ſpoke,
Quaffes a whole Tunnell of *Tobacco* ſmoke:
If *Martius* in boyſtrous *Buffes* be dreſt,
*Bran*ded with Iron-plates vpon the breſt,
And pointed on the ſhoulders, for the nonce,
As new-come from the *Belgian garriſons*;
What ſhall thou need to enuie ought as that,
When as thou ſmelleſt like a *Ciuet-Cat*;
When as thine oyled lookes ſmooth platted fall,

Shining

SAT. 4.

Shining like varniſht pictures on a wall,
When a plum'd Fanne may ſhade thy chalked face,
And lawny ſtrips thy naked boſome grace:
If brabling *Make-fray* at ech Fayre and and *Siſe*,
Picks quarrels for to ſhow his valiantiſe,
Straight preſſed for an hungry *Swizzers* pay,
To thruſt his fiſt to each part of the fray,
And piping hote puffes toward the pointed plaine,
With a broad *Scot*, or proking ſpit of *Spayne*,
Or hoyſeth ſayle vp to a forraine ſhore,
That he may liue a lawleſſe Conquerer.
If ſome ſuch deſperate *Hackſter* ſhall deuiſe
To rouze thine Hares-hart from her cowardiſe,
As idle children ſtriuing to excell,
In blowing bubles from an emptie ſhell;
Oh *Hercules* how like to proue a man
That all ſo rath thy warlike life began;
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle ſet,

Her

SAT. 4.

Her husbands rusty iron corselet;
Whose iargling sound might rocke her babe to rest;
That neuer playn'd of his vneasie nest
There did he dreame of drery wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand;
But who hath seene the Lambs of *Tarentine*,
May gesse what *Gallio* his manners beene;
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fumy ball, or *Morrians* crowne;
Now Gallio, gines thy youthly heate to raigne
In euery vigorous limme, and swelling vaine,
Time bids thee raise thine hed strong thoughts on hy
To valour and aduenterous chiualrie;
Paune thou no gloue for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy *Quintaine* others armed head
T'enrich the waiting Herald with thy shame
And make thy losse, the scornfull scaffolds game.
Wars; God forfend; nay God defend from warre,

Soone

SAT. 4.

Soone are Sonns ſpent, that not ſoone reared are:
Gallio may pull mee Roſes ere they fall,
Or in his Net entrap the Tennis-ball:
Or tend his Spar-hauke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping Begles buſy heeles perſue,
Or watch a ſinking corke vpon the ſhore,
Or halter Finches through a priuy doore,
Or liſt he ſpend the time in ſportfull game,
In daily courting of his louely dame,
Hang'e on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, ioy in her iollity,
Here's little perill, and much leſſer paine,
So timely *Hymen* doe the reſt reſtraine:
Hy wanton *Gallio* and wed betime,
Why ſhould'ſt thou leeſe the pleaſures of thy prime?
Seeſt thou the Roſe-leaues fall vngathered?
Then hy thee wanton *Gallio* to wed:
Let Ring and Ferule meet vpon thine hand,

SAT. 4.

And *Lucines* girdle with her ſwathing-bands,
Hy thee and giue the world yet one dwarfe more:
Such as it got when thou thy ſelfe waſt bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can neuer happines to ſoone begin;
Virginius vow'd to keepe his Mayden-head;
And eats chaſt Lettuce, and drinkes Poppy-ſeed,
And ſmels on Camphyre faſting: and that done
Long hath he liu'd, chaſt as a vayled Nunne.
Free as the new-abſolued *Damoſell*,
That Frere *Cornelius* ſhriued in his Cell,
Till now he waxt a toothleſſe *Bacheler*
He thaw's like *Chaucers* troſty *Tanuere*;
And ſets a Months minde vpon ſinyling *May*,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Byting on Annis-ſeede, and Roſe-marine,
Which might the Fume of his rot lungs refine,

Now

SAT. 4.

Now he in *Charons* barge a Bride doth seeke,
The maydens mocke, and call him withered Leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SAT. 5.

Stupet Albinouanus.

WOuld now that *Matho* were the *Satyrist*,
That some fat bribe might greaze him in the fist,
For which he neede not braule at any barre,
Nor kisse the booke to be a periurer;
Who else would scorne his silence to haue solde,
And haue his tongue tyed with stringes of golde?
Curtius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loued golden *Abstinence*:
Might he not well repine at his olde fee,
Would he but spare to speake of vsurie?
Hirelings enow beside, can be so base,
Tho we should scorne ech bribing varlets brasse;

Yet

SAT. 5.

Yet he and I could ſhun ech iealous head,
Sticking our thumbs cloſe to our girdle-ſtead,
Tho were they manicled behinde our backe,
Anothers fiſt can ſerue our fees to take:
Yet purſy *Euclio* chearly ſmiling prayd,
That my ſharpe words might curtal their ſide trade;
For thouſands beene in euery gouernall,
That liue by leſſe, and riſe by others fall,
What euer ſickly ſheepe ſo ſecret dies,
But ſome foule Rauen hath beſpoke his eyes?
What elſe makes *N.* when his lands are ſpent,
Go ſhaking like a threedbare malecontent,
Whoſe band-leſſe Bonnet vailes his ore-grown chin,
And ſullen rags bewray his Morphew'd skin;
So ſhips he to the woluiſh weſterne ile,
Among the ſauage Kernes in ſad exile;
Or in the *Turkiſh* wars at *Cæſars* paye
To rub his life out till the lateſt day;

SAT. 5.

Another ſhifting Gallant to forecaſt,
To gull his Hoſteſſe for a months repaſt;
With ſome gal'd Trunk ballac'd with ſtraw & ſtone
Left for the pawne of his prouiſion;
Had *F.* ſhop lyen fallow but from hence,
His doores cloſe ſeal'd as in ſome peſtilence,
Whiles his light heeles theis fearfull flight can take,
To get ſome badg-leſſe *Blew* vpon his backe?
Tocullio was a welthy vſurer,
Such ſtore of Incomes had he euery yeare,
By Buſhels was he wont to meete his coyne;
As did the olde wife of *Trimalcion*;
Could he doe more that finds an idle roome,
For many hundreth thouſands on a Toombe?
Or who reares vp foure free-ſchooles in his age,
Of his olde pillage, and damn'd ſurpluſage?
Yet now he ſwore by that ſweet Croſſe he kiſt,
(That ſiluer croſſe, where he had ſacrific'd

His

SAT. 5.

His coueting ſoule, by his deſires owne doome,
Dayly to dye the Diuels Martyrdome)
His Angels were all flowne vp to their ſky,
And had forſooke his naked Treſurie,
Farewell *Aſtræa* and her weights of gold,
Vntill his lingring Calends once be told;
Nought left behind but waxe & parchment ſcroells
Like *Lucians* dreame that ſiluer turn'd to coles:
Shouldſt thou him credit, that nould credit thee,
Yes and mayſt ſweare he ſwore the verity;
The ding-thrift heyre, his ſhift-got ſumme miſpent,
Comes drouping like a pennyleſſe penitent,
And beats his faint fiſt on *Tocullios* doore,
It loſt the laſt and now muſt call for more,
Now hath the Spider caught a wandring Flye,
And drags her captiue at her cruell thigh:
Soone is his errand red in his pale face,
Which beares dumbe *Characters* of euery caſe,

SAT. 5.

So *Syneds* dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
And hayre-les brow, tels where he last did lye,
So *Matho* doth bewray his guilty thought;
Whiles his pale face doth say, his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary Angler trayle along,
His feeble line, soone as some Pike too strong
Hath swallowed the bayte that scornes the shore,
Yet now neare hand cannot resist no more:
So lyeth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that vnder name of *Christmas* cheere;
Can starue his Tennants all th'ensuing yeare,
Paper and waxe (God wot) a weake repay,
For such deepe debts, and downstakt sums as they;
Write, seale, deliuer, take, go, spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need.
Part with such summe; For but as yester-late
Did *Furnus* offer pen-worths at easy rate,

For

SAT. 5.

For ſmall diſburſment; He the bankes hath broke,
And needs muſt now ſome further playne ore looke:
Yet ere he goe fayne would he be releaſt:
Hy you ye Rauens, hy you to the feaſt;
Prouided that thy lands are left entyre,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expyre;
Then ſhalt thou teare thoſe idle paper-bonds,
That thus had fettered thy pauned lands.
Ah foole! For ſooner ſhall thou ſell the reſt,
Then ſtake ought for thy former Intreſt;
When it ſhall grinde thy grating gall for ſhame,
To ſee the lands that beare thy Grandſires name,
Become a dunghill peaſants ſommer-hall,
Or lonely *Hermits* cage in hoſpitall;
A pining Gourmand, an imperious ſlaue,
An horſ-leech, barren womb, and gaping graue,
A legall theeſe, a bloud-leſſe murtherer;
A feind incarnate, a falſe Vſurer.

Albee

SAT. 5.

Alsbee such mayne extort scorns to be pent,
In the clay walles of thatched Tenement,
For certes no man of a low degree,
May bid two guestes; or Gout, or Vsurie:
Vnlesse some base hedge-creeping *Collybist*,
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list,
For Easter-gloues, or for a Shroftide Hen,
Which bought to giue, he takes to sell agen:
I doe nor meane some gloking Merchants feate,
That laugheth at the cozened worlds deceipt,
When as an hundred stocks ly in his fist,
He leakes and sinkes, and breaketh when he list:
But, *Nummius* eas'd the needy Gallants care,
With a base bargaine of his blowen ware,
Of fusted hoppes now lost for lacke of sayle,
Or mo'ld browne-paper that could nought auaile:
Or what he cannot vtter otherwise,
May pleasure *Fridoline* for treble price.

Whiles

SAT. 5.

Whiles his falſe broker lyeth in the winde,
And for a preſent Chapman is aſſign'd,
The cut-throte wretch for their compacted gaine,
Buyes all for but one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day,
And for fait for default of due repay.
His late intangled lands: Then *Fridoline*,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pyne,
If *Mammon* ſelfe ſhould euer liue with men,
Mammon himſelfe ſhalbe a Citizen.

Quid

SAT. 6.

Quid placet ergo?

I Wote not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their eſtate:
Out from the Gades vp to the Eaſterne Morne,
Not one but holds his native ſtate forlorne.
When comely ſtriplings wiſh it weare their chance,
For *Cæsis* diſtaffe to exchange their Lance;
And weare curl'd Periwigs, and chalke their face,
And ſtill are poring on their pocket-glaſſe.
Tyr'd with pin'd Ruffes, and Fans, and partlet-ſtrips
And Buskes, and Verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked ſtilts a priſoners pace,
And make their Napkin for their ſpitting-place,

And

SAT. 6.

And gripe their waſt within a narrow ſpan,
Fond *Canis* that would'ſt wiſh to be a man;
Whoſe manniſh Huſ-wiues like their refuſe ſtate,
And make a drudge of their *uxorious* mate,
Who like a Cot-queene ſweezeth at the rocke,
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forrein ſtocke.
Is't not a ſhame to ſee ech homely groome
Sit perched in an idle charriot-roome,
That were not meete ſome pannell to beſtride
Surcingled to a galled Hackneys hide?
Ech Muck-worme will be rich with lawleſſe gaine
Altho he ſmother vp mowes of ſeeuen yeares graine,
And hang'd himſelfe when corn growes cheap againe;
Altho he buy whole Haruests in the ſpring
And foiſt in falſe ſtrikes to the meaſuring:
Altho his ſhop be muffled from the light
Like a day-dungeon, or *Cimmerian* night,
Nor full nor faſting can the Carle take reſt:

Whiles

SAT. 6.

Whiles his *George-Nobles* ruſten in his Cheſt,
He ſleeps but once and dreames of burglarie,
And wakes and caſtes about his frighted eye,
And gropes for theeues in euery darket ſhade,
And if a Mouſe but ſtir he cals for ayde.
The ſturdy Plough-man doth the ſoldier ſee,
All ſcarfed with pide colours to the knee,
Whom *Indian* pillage hath made fortunate,
And how he gins to loath his former ſtate:
Now doth he inly ſcorne his Kendall-greene,
And his patcht Cockers now deſpiſed beene.
Nor liſt he now go whiſtling to the Carre,
But ſels his Teme and fetleth to the warre,
O warre to them that neuer tryde thee ſweete;
When his dead mate fals groueling at his feete,
And angry Bullets whiſtlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes ſee nought but death & drere:
Oh happy Plough-mā were thy weale well known;

Oh

SAT. 6.

Oh happy all estates except his owne,
Some drunken *Rimer* thinks his time well spent,
If he can liue to see his name in print,
Who when he is once fleshed to the Presse;
And sees his handsell haue such fayre successe.
Sung to the wheele, and sung vnto the payle,
He sends forth Thraues of Ballads to the sale.
Nor then can rest: But volumes vp bodg'd Rimes,
To haue his name talk't of in future times:
The brainsicke youth that feeds his tickled eare,
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false *Traueiler*,
Which hath the *Spanish* decades red a while;
Or whet-stone leasings of olde *Maundeuile*.
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
Of his aduentures through the *Indian* deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mines,
Or of the antique Toombs of *Palestine*;
Or of *Damascus* Magike wall of Glasse,

Of

SAT. 6.

Of *Salomon* his ſweating Piles of Braſſe,
Of the Bird *Rye* that beares an Elephant:
Of Mer-maids that the Southerne ſeas do haunt:
Of head-leſſe men; of ſauage *Cannibals*;
The faſhions of their liues and Gouernals:
What monſtrous Cities there erected bee,
Cayro, or the Citie of the Trinitie,
Now are they dung-hill-Cocks that haue not ſeene
The bordering Alpes, or elſe the Neighbour Rhene,
And now he plyes the newes-full Graſhopper,
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
His land morgag'd: He ſea-beat in the way
Wiſhes for home a thouſand fithes a day:
And now he deemes his home-bred fare as leeſe
As his parch't Bisket, or his Barreld Beefe:
Mong'ſt all theſe ſturs of diſcontented ſtrife,
Oh let me lead an Academicke life,
To know much; and to thinke we nothing know;

Nothing

SAT. 6.

Nothing to haue, yet thinke we haue enough,
In skill to want, and wanting ſeeke for more,
In weale nor want, nor wiſh for greater ſtore;
Enuye ye Monarchs with your proud exceſſe:
At our low Sayle, and our hye Happineſſe.

Lib. 4. *Finis.*

UMI

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 5.

SAT. 1.

Sit pœna merenti.

PArdon ye glowing eares; Needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compaſt'd my tongue about,
As thicke as welthy *Scrobioes* quick-ſet rowes,
In the wide Common that he did incloſe.
Pull out mine eyes, if I ſhall ſee no vice,
Or let me ſee it with deteſting eyes;
Reno wmed *Aquine*, now I follow thee,
Farre as I may for feare of ieopardie;
And to thy hand yeeld vp the *Iuye*-mace,
From crabbed *Perſius*, and more ſmooth *Horace*;
Or from that ſhrew, the *Roman* Poeteſſe,
That taught her goſſips learned bitterneſſe,

SAT. 1.

Or *Lucilles* muſe whom thou did'ſt imitate,
Or *Menips* olde, or *Paſquillers* of late.
Yet name I not *Mutius*, or *Tigilline*;
Tho they deſerue a keener ſtile then mine;
Nor meane to ranſacke vp the quiet graue,
Nor burne dead bones, as he example gaue;
I taxe the liuing, let dead aſhes reſt,
Whoſe faults are dead, and nayled in their Cheſt:
Who can refraine, that's guiltleſſe of their crime,
Whiles yet he liues in ſuch a cruell time,
When *Titius* his grounds that in Grand-ſires daies,
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raiſe
A ſommer-ſnow-ball, or a winter-roſe,
Is growne to thouſands as the world now goes:
So thirſt, and time ſets other things on flote,
That now his Sonne ſoopes in a ſilken cote,
Whoſe Grandſire happily a poore hungry ſwayne,
Beg'd ſome caſt Abby in the Churches wayne

And

SAT. 1.

And but for that, what euer he may vaunt,
Who now's a Monke, had beene a *Mendicant*;
While freezing *Matho*, that for one leane fee,
Wont terme eeh Terme the Terme of *Hilarie*,
May now in ſteed of thoſe his ſimple fees;
Get the fee-ſimples of fayre Manneryes.
What, did he counterfait his Princes hand,
For ſome braue Lord-ſhip of concealed land?
Or on eeh *Michaell*, and *Lady-day*,
Tooke he deepe forfaits for an houres delay?
And gain'd no leſſe by ſuch iniurious braule,
Then *Gamins* by his ſixt wiues burtall?
Or hath he wonne ſome wider Intereſt,
By hoary charters from his Grand-ſires cheſt,
Which late ſome bribed Scribe for ſlender wage,
Writ in the Characters of another age,
That *Ployden* ſelfe might ſtammer to rehearſe,
Whoſe date ore-lookes three *Centuries* of yeares;

SAT. 1.

Who euer yet the Trackes of weale ſo tride,
But there hath beene one beaten way beſide?
He, when he lets a Leaſe for life, or yeares,
(As neuer he doth vntill the date expeares;
For when the full ſtate in his fiſt doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy,)
His Fine affor'ds ſo many trebled pounds,
As he agreeth yeares to Leaſe his grounds
His Rent in faire reſpondence muſt ariſe,
To double trebles of his one yeares price;
Of one bayes bread'th, God wot, a ſilly cote,
Whoſe thatched ſparres are furr'd with ſluttiſh ſoote
A whole inch thick; ſhining like *Black*-moors brows
Through ſmok that down the head-les barrel blows:
At his beds-feete feeden his ſtalled teme,
His ſwine beneath; his pullen ore the beame:
A ſtarued Tenement, ſuch as I geſſe,
Stand ſtragling in the waſts of *Holderneſſe*.

Or

SAT. 1.

Or ſuch as ſhiuer on a Peake-hill ſide,
When *Marches* lungs beate on their turfe-clad hide?
Such as nice *Lipſius* would grudge to ſee,
Aboue his lodging in wild *Weſt-phalye:*
Or as the *Saxon* King his Court might make,
When his ſides playned of the Neat-heards cake.
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy Land-lords hall,
With often preſents at ech Feſtiuall;
With crammed Capons euery New-yeares morne,
Or with greene-cheeſes when his ſheepe are ſhorne,
Or many Maunds-full of his mellow fruite,
To make ſome way to win his waighty ſuite,
Whom cannot giftes at laſt cauſe to relent,
Or to win fauour, or flee puniſhment?
When gripſe Patrons turne their ſturdy ſteele
To waxe; when they the golden flame doe feele;
When grand *Macenas* caſts a glauering eye,
On the cold preſent of a Poeſie:

And

SAT. 1.

And leaſt he might more frankly take then giue,
Gropes for a french crowne in his emptie ſleeue:
Thence *Clodius* hopes to ſet his ſhoulders free,
From the light burden of his *Naperie*.
The ſmiling Land-Lord ſhows a ſun-ſhine face,
Faining that he will grant him further grace;
And leat's like *Æſops* Foxe vpon the Crane,
Whoſe necke he craues for his *Chirurgian*;
So lingers of the leaſe vntill the laſt,
What recks he then of paynes or promiſe paſt?
Was euer fether, or fond womans mind,
More light then words; the blaſts of idle wind?
What's ſib or ſire, to take the gentle ſlip;
And in th'Exchequer rot for ſurety-ſhip;
Or thence thy ſtarued brother liue and die,
Within the cold *Cole-harbour* ſanctuary?
Will one from *Scots-banke* bid but one grote more
My old Tenant may be turned out of dore,

Tho

SAT. 1.

Tho much he ſpent in th'rotten rooſes repayre,
In hope to haue it left vnto his heyre;
Tho many a lode of Marle and Manure led,
Reuiu'd his barren leas, that earſt lay dead.
Were he as *Furius*, he would defie,
Such pilfring ſlips of Pety land-lordrye.
And might diſlodge whole *Collonyes* of poore,
And lay their rooſe quite leuell with their floore,
Whiles yet he giues as to a yeelding fence,
Their bagge and baggage to his Citizens,
And ſhips them to the new-nam'd *Virgin-land*,
Or wilder wales, where neuer wight yet wound:
Would it not vexe thee where thy ſyres did keepe,
To ſee the dunged foldes of dag-tayld ſheepe,
And ruined houſe where holy things were ſaid,
Whoſe free-ſtone wals the thatched rooſe vpbraid,
Whoſe ſhrill Saints bell hangs on his louerie,
While the reſt are damned to the *Plumbery*.

Yet

SAT. 1.

Yet pure deuotion lets the ſteeple ſtand,
And ydle battlements on eyther hand;
Leaſt that perhaps, were all thoſe reliques gone,
Furions his Sacriledge could not be knowne.

Heic

SAT. 2.

Heic quærite Troiam.

HOuſ-keping's dead, *Saturio*; wot'ſt thou where?
For-ſooth they ſay far hence in *Brek-neck* ſhire;
And euer ſince they ſay, that feele and taſt,
That men may break their neck, ſoone as their faſt;
Certes, if *Pity* died at *Chaucers* date,
He liu'd a widdower long behinde his mate:
Saue that I ſee ſome rotten bed-rid *Syre*,
Which to out-ſtrip the nonage of his heire,
Is cram'd with golden broaths, and druges of price,
And ech day dying liu's, and liuing dies;
Till once ſuruiu'd his ward-ſhips lateſt eue,
His eies are cloſ'd with choyſe to die or liue;

Plenty

SAT. 2.

Plenty, and hee, dy'd both in that ſame yeare,
VVhen the ſad skye did ſheed ſo many a teare;
And now, who liſt not of his labour fayle;
Marke, with *Saturio*, my friendly tale:
Along thy way, thou canſt not but deſcry,
Faire glittering Halls to tempt thy hopefull eye;
Thy right eye gines to leape for vaine delight,
And ſurbeate toes to tickle at the ſight.
As greedy *T.* when in the ſounding mold
Hee finds a ſhining pot-ſhard tip't with gold;
For neuer *Syren* tempts the pleaſed eares,
As theſe the eye of fainting paſſengers;
All is not ſo that ſeems; for ſurely than
Matrona ſhould not bee a *Curtizan*.
Smooth *Chryſalus* ſhould not bee rich with fraud,
Nor honeſt *R.* bee his owne wiues baude,
Looke not a ſquint, not ſtride a croſſe the way,
Like ſome demurring *Alcide* to delay.

But

SAT. 2.

But walke on cherely, till thou haue eſpide,
Sant Peters finger at the Church-yard ſide,
But wil't thou needs when thou art warn'd ſo well
Goe ſe who in ſo gariſh walls doth dwell?
There findeſt thou ſome ſtately *Doricke* frame
Or neate *Ionicke* worke;
Like the vaine bubble of *Iberian* pride,
That ouer-croweth all the world beſide.
VVhich rear'd to raiſe the crazy Monarches fame,
Strines for a Court and for a Colledge name;
Yet nought within, but louzy coul's doth hold,
Like a ſcab'd Cuckow in a cage of gold;
So pride aboue doth ſhade the ſhame belowe:
A golden Periwig on a *Black*-mores brow.
When *Mauios* firſt page of his poeſy,
Nayl'd to an hundreth poſtes for noueltie,
With his big title, and *Italian* mott
Layes ſiege vnto the backward buyers grote.

Which

SAT. 2.

Which all within is drafty fluttiſh geere,
Fit for the Ouen or the Kitchin fire:
So this gay gate adds fuell to thy thought,
That ſuch proud piles were neuer rayſ'd for nought;
Beate the broad gates; a goodly hollow ſound,
With doubled Ecchoes doth againe rebound,
But not a Dog doth barke to welcome thee,
Nor churliſh Porter canſt thou chafing ſee,
All dumb and ſilent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of ſome ſleepy *Sybarite*,
The marble pauement hid with deſart weede,
With houſe-leeke, thiſtle, docke, and hemlock-ſeed,
But if thou chance caſt vp thy wondring eyes,
Thou ſhalt deſcerne vpon the Frontiſpice,
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ grauen vp on hye,
A fragment of olde *Platoes* Poeſie,
The meaning is: Sir foole, ye may be gone,
Go backe by leaue, for way here lieth none.

Looke

SAT. 2.

Looke to the towred chymneis which ſhould bee
The winde-pipes of good hoſpitalitie,
Through which it breatheth to the open ayre,
Betokening life and liberall welfare
Lo, there th'vnthankfull ſwallow takes her reſt,
And fils the Tonnell with her circled neſt,
Nor halfe that ſmoke from all his chymneies goes
As one Tobacco-pipe driues through his noſe;
So rawbone hunger ſcorns the mudded walls,
And gin's to reuell it in Lordly Halls;
So the blacke Prince is broken looſe againe
That ſaw no *Sunne* ſaue once (as ſtories ſaine)
That once was, when in *Trinacry* I weene
Hee ſtole the daughter of the harueſt Queene;
And grip't the mawes of barren *Scily*,
With long conſtraint of pineſull penury;
And they that ſhould reſiſt his ſecond rage,
Haue pen'd themſelues vp in the priuate cage,

SAT. 2.

Of ſome blind lane; and their they lurke vnkowne,
Till th'hungry tempeſt once bee ouerblowne;
Then like the coward, after his neighbours fray,
They creepe forth boldly, and aske where are they?
Meane while the hunger-ſtaru'd Appurtenance
Muſt bide the brunt, what euer ill miſchance;
Grim *Famine* ſits in their forepined face
All full of Angles of vnequall ſpace
Like to the plaine of many-ſided ſquares,
That wont bee drawen out by Geometars;
So ſharpe and meager that who ſhould them ſee
Would ſweare they lately came from *Hungary*.
When their braſſe pans and winter couerled,
Haue wipt the maunger of the Horſes-bread;
Oh mee; what ods there ſeemeth twixt their chere,
And the ſwolne *Bezell* at an Alehouſe fyre,
That tonnes in gallons to his burſten panch,
Whoſe ſlimy droughts, his draught can neuer ſtanch;

For

SAT. 2.

For ſhame ye Gallants grow more hoſpitall
And turne your needleſſe wardrope to your Hall:
As lauiſh *Varro* that keepes open doores
Like *Ianus* in the warres;
Except the twelue-daies, or the wakeday-feaſt
What time hee needs muſt bee his Coſens gueſt,
Philene hath bid him; can hee chooſe but come?
Who ſhould pull *Virroes* ſleeue to ſtay at home?
All yeare beſides, who meal-time can attend,
Come *Trebius* welcome to the tables end:
What tho hee chires on purer manchets crowne,
Whiles his kind client grindes on blacke and brown;
A iolly rounding of a whole foote broad,
From of the Mong-corne heape ſhall *Trebius* load;
What tho hee quaffe pure Amber in his bowle
Of March-brewd wheat: yet ſlecks thy thirſting ſoule
With paliſh oat, froathing in *Boſton*-clay
Or in a ſhallow cruce; nor muſt that ſtay,

SAT. 2.

Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd brain,
But call and craue; and haue thy cruſe againe;
Elſe how ſhould eeuen tale bee regiſtred
Of all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrels head?
And if he liſt reuiue his hartles graine
With ſome Ftench grape, or pure *Canarian*
When pleaſing *Bourdeaux* fals vnto his lott,
Some ſowriſh *Rochell* cuts thy thirſting throte,
What tho himſelfe caueth his welcome friend,
With a cool'd pittance from his trenchers-end?
Muſt *Trebies* lip hang toward his trencher-ſide?
Nor kiſſe his fiſt to take what doth betide?
What tho to ſpare thy teeth he emploies thy tongue
In buſie queſtions all the dinner long?
What tho the ſcornfull wayter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curſeth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a iealous eye,
At euery morſell hee his laſt ſhall ſee?

And

SAT. 2.

And if but one exceed the common ſiſe
Or make an hillocke in thy cheeke ariſe,
Or if perchance thou ſhouldeſt, ere thou wiſt
Hold thy knife vprights in thy griped fiſt,
Or ſitteſt double on thy back-ward ſeat,
Or with thine elbow ſhad'ſt thy ſhared meat;
Hee laughs thee in his fellowes eare to ſcorne,
And asks aloud where *Trebius* was borne?
Tho the third Sewer takes thee quite away
Without a ſtaffe; when thou would'ſt lenger ſtay
What of all this? Is't not inough to ſay
I din'd at *Virro* his owne boord to day?

SAT. 3.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THe *Satyre* should be like the *Porcupine*,
That shoots sharp quilles out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily;
Ye Antique *Satyres*, how I blesse your daies,
That brook'd your bolder stile, their owne dispraise,
And wel-neare wish; yet ioy my wish is vaine,
I had beene then, or they were now againe:
For now our eares beene of more brittle mold,
Then those dull earthen eares that were of olde:
With theirs, like anuilles bore the hammers head,
Our glasse can neuer touch vnshiuered.

But

SAT. 3.

But from the aſhes of my quiet ſtile
Hence forth may riſe ſome raging rough *Lucile*,
That may with *Eſchylus* both finde and leeſe
The ſnaky treſſes of th'*Eumenides*:
Meane while, ſufficeth mee, the world may ſay
That I theſe vices loath'd another day,
Which I haue done with as deuout a cheere
As he that rounds Poules-pillers in the eare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked Queare.
T'was euer ſaid, *Frontine*, and euer ſeene,
That golden Clearkes, but wooden Lawyers bene;
Could euer wiſe man wiſh in good eſtate
The vſe of all things indiſcriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beſeeme,
The learned maiſter of the *Academe*?
Plato is dead, and dead is his deuiſe
Which ſome thought witty, none thought euer wiſe;
Yet certes *Macha* is a *Platoniſt*,

SAT. 3.

To all, they ſay, ſaue who ſo do not liſt;
Becauſe her husband a farre-trafiq;'d man,
Is a profeſt *Peripatecian*,
And ſo our Grandſires were in ages paſt,
That let their Lands lye all ſo widely waſt,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent,
Within ſome prouince or whole ſhires extent;
As *Nature* made the earth, ſo did it lye,
Saue for the furrows of their husbandry;
When as the Neighbour-lands ſo couched layne,
That all bore ſhow of one fayre Champian:
Some head-leſſe croſſe they digged on their lea,
Or rol'd ſome marked Meare-ſtone in the way,
Poore ſimple men! For what mought that auayle,
That my field might not fill my neighbours payle?
More then a pilled ſticke can ſtand in ſtead,
To barre *Cynedo* from his neighbours bed,
More then the thred-bare Clients pouerty;
Debarres th'Atturney of his wonted fee? If

SAT. 3.

If they were thriftleſſe; Mote not, we amend?
And with more care our dangered fields defend:
Ech man can gard what thing he deemeth deere,
As fearefull Marchants doe their Female heyre,
Which were it not for promiſe of their welth,
Need not be ſtalled vp for feare of ſtelth;
Would rather ſticke vpon the Belmans cries
Tho proferd for a branded *Indians* price:
Then rayſe we muddy bul-warkes on our banks
Beſet around with treble quick-ſet rankes;
Or if thoſe walls be ouer weake a ward,
The ſquared Bricke may be a better gard:
Go to my thrifty Yeoman, and vpreare,
A brazen wall to ſhend thy land from feare,
Do ſo; and I ſhall praiſe thee all the while,
So be, thou ſtake not vp the common ſtile;
So be thou hedge in nought, but what's thine owne
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done,
So be thou let not lye in fallowed plaine. That

SAT. 3.

That which was wont yeelde Vſurie of graine,
But when I ſee thy pitched ſtakes do ſtand
On thy incroched peece of common land,
Whiles thou diſcommoneſt thy neighbours keyne,
And warn'ſt that none feed on thy field ſaue thine;
Brag no more *Scrobius*; of the mudded bankes,
Nor thy deepe ditches, nor three quickſet rankes:
Oh happy daies of olde *Deucalion*.
When one was Land-Lord of the world alone,
But now whoſe coler would not riſe to yeeld,
A peſant, halfe-ſtakes of his new-mowne field
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties:
Go on and thriue my pety Tyrants pride
Scorne thou to liue if others liue beſide,
And trace proud *Caſtile* that aſpires to be
In his old age a young fiſt Monarchie
Or the red Hat that tries the luckleſſe mayne,
For welthy *Thames* to change his lowly Rhene.

SAT. 4.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

Villius the welthy farmer left his heire,
Twise twenty sterling pounds to spēd by yeare;
The neighbours prayse *Villios* hide-bound sonne;
And say it was a goodly portion;
Not knowing how some Marchants dowre can rise
By sundaies tale to fiftie *Centuries*;
Or to weigh downe a leaden *Bride* with Golde;
Worth all that *Mathe* bought, or *Pontice* sold;
But whiles ten pound goes to his wiues new gowne,
Nor litle lesse can serue to sute his owne,
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting man,
Or buyes an hoode, or siluer-handled Fanne.

Or

SAT. 4.

Or hires a *Friezeland* Trotter halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his Tumbrell through the ſtaring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liueries,
And's treble rated at the Subſidies
One end a kennell keeps of thriftleſſe hounds,
What thinke you reſt's of all my younkers pounds;
To diet him, or deale out at his doore,
To ſoſer vp, or ſtocke his waſting ſtore;
If then I reckon'd right, it ſhould appeare,
That fourtie pounds ſerue not the Farmers heyre.

Finis. Lib. 2.

VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 6.

SAT. 1.

Semel insaniuimus.

LAbeo reserues a long nayle for the nonce
To wound my Margẽt throughten leaues at once
Much worse then *Aristarchus* his blacke Pile,
That pierc'd olde *Homers* side;
And makes such faces that mee seemes I see
Some foule *Megæra* in the Tragedie,
Threatning her twined snakes at *Tantales* Ghost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crab-tree Porter of the Guild-Hall gates
Whiles he his frightfull Beetle eleuates;
His angry eyne looke all so glaring bright,
Like th'hunted *B*adger in a mooneleſſe night:

Or

SAT. 1.

Or like a painted ſtaring *Saracin*;
His cheeks change hew like th'ayre-fed vermins skin
Now red, now pale, and ſwolne aboue his eyes
Like to the old *Coloſſian* ymageries,
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away ye angrie fires, and froſtes of feare;
Giue place vnto his hopefull tempered thought
That yeelds to peace, ere euer peace be ſought;
Then let mee now repent mee of my rage;
For writing *Satyres* in ſo righteous age;
Whereas I ſhould haue ſtrok't her towardly head,
And cry'd *Euae* in my *Satyres* ſtead,
Sith now not one of thouſand does amiſſe,
Was neuer age I weene ſo pure as this,
As pure as olde *Labulla* from the Baynes,
As pure as through-fare Channels when it raynes,
As pure as is a Black-mores face by night,
As dung clad skin of dying *Heraclite*.

Seeke

SAT. 1.

Seeke ouer all the world, and tell mee where,
Thou find'ſt a proud man, or a flatterer:
A theeſe, a drunkard or a parricide,
A lechour, lyer, or what vice beſide,
Marchants are no whit couetous of late,
Nor make no mart of Time, gaine of Deceit,
Patrons, are honeſt now, ore they of olde,
Can now no benefice be bought nor ſold,
Giue him a gelding, or ſome two-yeares tithe,
For he all bribes and *Simony* defi'the.
Is not one Pick-thanke ſtirring in the Court,
That ſeld was freet ill now by all report,
But ſome one, like a claw-backe paraſite,
Pick't mothes from his maſters cloake in ſight,
Whiles he could picke out both his eyes for need;
Nor now no more ſmell-feaſt *Vitellio*,
Smiles on his maſter for a meale or two;
And loues him in his maw, loaths in his heart,

SAT. 1.

Yet ſoothes, and yeas, and Nayes on eyther part.
Tattelius the new-come traueller,
With his diſguiſed cote, and ringed eare,
Trampling the Burſes Marble twiſe a day,
Tells nothing but ſtarke truths I dare well ſay,
Nor would he haue them knowne for any thing,
Tho all the vault of his loud murmur ring;
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare
Except the *Almanacke* or the *Chronicler*,
But not a man of all the damned-crue
For hils of gold would ſweare the thing vntrue,
Panſophus now though all in a cold ſwatt
Dares venture through the feared Caſtle-gate,
Albee the faithfull Oracles haue forſayne,
The wiſeſt *Senator* ſhall there be ſlaine,
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of ſome wiſer wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the *Suters* hill,

Or

SAT. 1.

Or weſterne playne are free from feared ill,
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed;
But he that hath ought; hy him; and God ſpeed;
Nor drunken *Dennis* doth by breake of day
Stumble into blinde Tauernes by the way,
And reele mee homeward at the Euening ſtarre,
Or ride more eaſely in his neighbours chayre.
Well might theſe checks haue fitted former times
And ſhouldred angry *Skeltons* breath-leſſe rimes;
Ere *Chryſalus* had bar'd the common boxe,
Which earſt he pick't to ſtore his priuate ſtocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe;
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When earſt our dry-ſoul'd Syres ſo lauiſh were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends wel-fare;
Now ſhalt thou neuer ſee the ſalt beſet
With a big-bellyed Gallon Flagonet.

SAT. 1.

Of an ebbe *Cruce* muſt thirſty *Silen* ſip,
That's all foreſtalled by his vpper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch ſo peare,
His girdle fell ten ynches in a yeare.
Or when old gouty beld-rid *Euclio*
To his officious factor fayre could ſhow,
His name in margent of ſome olde caſt bill
And ſay; Lo whom I named in my will
Whiles hee beleeues and looking for the ſhare,
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with buſy care;
For but a while; For now he ſure will die,
By this ſtrange qualme of liberalitie,
Great thanks he giues: but God him ſheild & ſaue
From euer gayning by his maſters graue,
Onely liue long and he is well repayd,
And weats his forced cheeks whiles thus he ſaid,
Some ſtrong-ſmeld Onion ſhall ſtirre his eyes
Rather then no ſalt teares ſhall then ariſe,

So

SAT. 1.

So lookes he like a Marble toward rayne,
And wrings, & ſmites, & weeps, & wipes againe,
Then turnes his backe and ſmiles & lookes askance,
Seaſoning againe his ſowred countenance,
Whiles yet he wearies heauen with daily cryes,
And backward Death with deuout ſacrifice
That they would now his tedious ghoſt bereauen,
And wiſheth well that wiſh't no worſe then heauen
When *Zoylus* was ſicke, he knew not where
Saue his wrought night-cap, and laune Pillow-bere.
Kind fooles; they made him ſick that made him fine,
Take thoſe away, and ther's his medicine:
Or *Gellia* wore a veluet Maſtick-patch
Vpon her temples when no tooth did ache,
When *Beauty* was her Reume I ſoone eſpide,
Nor could her plaiſter cure her of her pride,
Theſe vices were, but now they ceaſ'd of long,
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong,

SAT. 1.

I would repent mee were it not too late
Were not the Angry world preiudicate
If all the ſeuens penitentiall
Or thouſand white wands might me ought auaile,
If *Trent* or *Thames* could ſcoure my foule offence
And ſet mee in my former innocence
I would at laſt repent me of my rage,
Now; beare my wrong, I thine, O righteous age,
As for fine wits an hundreth thouſand fold
Paſſeth our age what euer times of olde
For in that *Puiſne* world, our Syres of long
Could hardly wagge their too-vnweldy tongue
As pined Crowes and Parrats can doe now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinckled brow;
And now of late did many a learned man
Serue thirty yeares Prenti-ſhip with *Priſcian*,
But now can euery Nouice ſpeake with eaſe,
The far-fetch'd language of *Th-Antipodes*

Would'ſt

SAT. 1.

Would'ſt thou the tongues that earſt were (hight learned
Tho our wiſe age hath wipt them of their right;
Would'ſt thou the Courtly Three in moſt requeſt
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the weſt?
Bibinus ſelfe can haue ten tongues in one
Tho in all Ten, not one good tongue alone,
And can deepe skill ly ſmothering within
Whiles neither ſmoke nor flame diſcerned bin,
Shall it not be a wild-figg in a wall
Or fired Brimſtone in a Minerall?
Doe thou diſdaine O ouer-learned age
The tongue-ty'de ſilence of that *Samian* ſage;
Forth ye fine wits, and ruſh into the preſſe
And for the cloyed world your workes addreſſe,
Is not a Gnat, nor Fly, nor ſeely Ant
But a fine wit can make an Elephant;
Should *Bandels* Throſtle die without a ſong?
Or *Adamantius* my Dog be laid along,

SAT. 1.

Downe in ſome ditch without his Exequies,
Or Epitaphs, or mournefull Elegies?
Folly it ſelfe, and baldnes may be praiſed,
And ſweet conceyts from filthy obiects rayſed;
VVhat do not fine witts dare to vndertake?
What dare fine wits doe for honors ſake?
But why doth *Balbus* his deade-doing quill
Perch in his ruſty ſcabbard all the while,
His golden Fleece ore-growne with moldy hore
As tho he had his witty works forſwore,
Belike of late now *Balbus* hath no need,
Nor now belike his ſhrinking ſhoulders dread
The Catch-poles fiſt. The Preſſe may ſtill remaine
And breath, till *Balbus* be in debt againe,
Soone may that bee; ſo I had ſilent beene,
And not thus rak't vp quiet crimes vnſeene.
Silence is ſafe, when ſaying ſtirreth ſore
And makes the ſtirred Puddle ſtinke the more.

Shall

SAT. 1.

Shall the controller of proud *Nemesis*
In lawlesse rage vpbrayd ech others vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong
And crub the rauge of his mis-ruly tongue?
By the two crownes of *Parnasse* euer-greene,
And by the clouen head of *Hippocrene*
As I true Poet am; I here auow
(So solemnly kist he his Lawrell bow)
If that bold *Satyre* vnreuenged be
For this so saucy and foule iniurie:
So *Labeo* weens it my eternall shame
To proue I neuer earnd a Poets name;
But would I be a Poet if I might,
To rub my brow three daies, and wake three nights,
And bite my nayles, and scrat my dullard head
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peeuish syllable: Which out-sought
I take vp *Thales* ioy, saue for fore-thought

Howe

SAT. 1.

How it ſhall pleaſe ech Ale-knights cenſuring eye,
And hang'd my head for feare they deeme awry;
Whiles thred-bare Martiall turnes his merry note
To beg of *Rufus* a caſt winter cote;
Whiles hungry *Marot* leapeth at a *Beane*
And dyeth like a ſtaru'd *Cappuciene*
Go *Arioſt*, and gape for what may fall
From Trencher of a flattring Cardinall,
And if thou getteſt but a Pedants fee
Thy bed, thy board, and courſer liuerye,
O honor farre beyond a Brazen ſhrine
To ſit with *Tarleton* on an Ale-poſts ſigne:
Who had but liued in *Auguſtus* daies
Thad beene ſome honor to be crown'd with *Bayes*,
VVhen *Lucan* ſtreaked on his Marble-bed
To thinke of *Cæſar*, and great *Pompeys* deed;
Or when *Archelaus* ſhau'd his mourning head
Soone as he heard *Steſichorus* was dead.
At leaſt would ſome good body of the reſt, Set

SAT. 1.

Set a Gold-pen on their bay-wreathed Creſt,
Or would their face in ſtamped coyne expreſſe,
As did the *Myrtelens* their Poeteſſe.
Now as it is, beſhrew him if he might,
That would his browes with *Cæſars* Laurell dight,
Tho what ayl'd mee, I might not well as they
Rake vp ſome for-worne tales that ſmothered lay
In chimny corners ſmok'd with winter-fires
To read and rocke aſleepe our drouzy ſires,
No man his threſhold better knowes, then I
Brutes firſt arriuall, and firſt victory,
Saint *Georges* Sorrell, or his croſſe o' blood,
Arthurs round *Bord*, or *Caledonian* wood,
Or holy battels of bold *Charlemaine*,
What were his knighes did *Salems* ſiege maintaine;
How the mad Riuall of fayre *Angelice*,
VVas Phiſick't from the new-found Paradice;
High-ſtories they; which with their ſwelling ſtraine
Haue riuen *Frontoes* braod Rehearſall-Plane, *But*

SAT. 1.

But ſo to fill vp bookes both backe and ſide
What needs it? Are there not enow beſide.
O age well thriuen and well fortunate,
When ech man hath a Muſe appropriate,
And ſhee like to ſome ſeruile eare-boar'd ſlaue
Muſt play and ſing when, and what he would haue,
Would that were all: ſmall fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it ſhould ariſe,
But can it be ought but a ſpurious ſeede,
That grows ſo riſe in ſuch vnlikely ſpeed.
Sith *Pontian* left his barren wife at home,
And ſpent two yeares at *Venice* and at *Rome*,
Returned, heares his bleſſing askt of three
Cries out, O *Iulian* law, Adulterie.
Tho *Labeo* reaches right: (who can deny,)
The true ſtraynes of *Heroicke* Poeſie,
For he can tell how fury reſt his ſenſe
And *Phœbus* fild him with intelligence,

He

SAT. 1.

He can implore the heathen Deities,
To guide his bold and busy enterprise;
Or filch whole Pages at a clap for need
From honest *Petrarch*, clad in English weed;
While big *But Ohs* ech stranzae can begin,
Whose trunke and tayle slut tish and hartlesse bin;
He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet *Philisides* fetch't of late from *France*,
That well beseem'd his high-stil'd *Arcady*,
Tho others marre it with much liberty;
In Epithets to ioyne two words in one,
Forsooth for Adiectiues cannot stand alone,
As a great Poet could of *Bacchus* say,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena*.
Lastly he names the spirit of *Astrophell*,
Now hath not *Labeo* done wondrous well?
But ere his Muse her weapon learne to weild.

Or

SAT. 1.

Or dance a ſober *Pirrhicke* in the field,
Or marching wade in blood vp to the knees,
Her *Arma Virûm* goes by two degrees,
The ſhepe-cote firſt hath bene her nurſery
Where ſhe hath worne her ydle infancy,
And in hy ſtartups walk't the paſtur'd plaines
To tend her tasked heard that there remaines
And winded ſtill a pipe of Ote or *Breare*
Striuing for wages who the praiſe ſhall beare;
As did whilere the homely *Carmelite*
Following *Virgil* and he *Theocrite*;
Or elſe hath bene in *Venus* Chamber traind
To play with *Cupid*, till ſhee had attain'd
To comment well vpon a beauteous face,
Then was ſhe fitt for an Heroicke place;
As wittie *Pontan* in great earneſt ſaed
His Miſtres breaſts were like two weights of lead,

Another

SAT. 1.

Another thinks her teeth might likened bee
To two fayer rankes of pales of yuorie,
To fence in ſure the wild beaſt of her tongue,
From eyther going farre, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two Chalk-ſtones in a mill,
which ſhall with time and wearing wax as ill
As olde *Catillaes* which wont euery night,
Lay vp her hollow pegs till next day light.
And with them grinds ſoft-ſimpring all the day,
When leaſt her laughter ſhould her gums bewray
Her hands muſt hide her mouth if ſhe but ſmile;
Fayne would ſhe ſeeme all frixe and frolicke ſtill;
Her forehead fayre is like a brazen hill
Whoſe wrinckled furrows which her age doth breed
Are dawbed full of *Venice* chalke for need,
Her eyes like ſiluer ſaucers fayre beſet,
With ſhining Amber and with ſhady-Iet

Her

SAT. 1.

Her lids like *Cupids*-bowcase where he hides
The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde,
Her chin like *Pindus* or *Pernassus* hill
Where down descends th'oreflowing stream doth fil
The well of her fayre mouth. Ech hath his praise,
Who would not but wed Poets now a daies.

FINIS.

POMH PTMH.

SAT 2.

WHo say's these Romish Pageants benè too by
To be the *Scorne* of sportfull Poesy?
Certes not all the worlde such matter wist
As are the seuen hils, for a *Satiryst*.
Perdy, I loath an hundreth *Mathoes* tongues.
An hundreth Gamsters shiftes, or Landlords wrongs;
Or *Labeos* Poems, or base *Lolios* pride.
Or euer what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I thinke if carping *Aquines* spright
To see now *Rome*, were licenc'd to the light;
How his enraged ghost would stampe and stare
That *Cesars* throne is turn'd to *Peters* chayre.

SAT. 2

To see an olde ſhorne *Lozell* perched hy
Croſſing beneath a golden *Canopy*, (low
The whiles a thouſand haireleſſe crownes crouch
To kiſſe the precious caſe of his proude *Toe*,
And for the Lordly Faſces borne of olde,
To ſee two quiet *Croſſed* keyes of golde,
Or *Cybiles* ſhrine, the famous *Pantheons* frame
Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name,
But that he moſt would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned Miter, and the bloudy Hat. (ſtore,
The crooked ſtaffe, their Coules ſtrange forme and
Saue that he ſaw the ſame in hell before,
To ſee their broken Nuns with new-ſhorne heads,
In a blinde Cloyſter toſſe their idle *Beades*,
Or Louzy Coules come ſmoking from the ſtewes.
To raiſe the Leud *Rent* to their Lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke *Venice* doth his pompe aduance
By trading of ten thouſand (urtizans)

Yet

SAT. 2

Yet backward muſt abſolue a females ſin,
Like to a falſe diſſembling *Theatine*,
*W*ho when his ſkinne is red with ſhirts of Male
And rugged haire cloth ſcoures his greazy nayle,
Or wedding garment tames his ſtubburne back,
*W*hich his hempe girdle dyes all blew and blacke.
Or of his Almes-*B*oule three dayes ſup'd & din'd,
Trudges to open ſtewes of either kinde:
Or takes ſome Cardinals ſtab'e in the way,
*A*nd with ſome pampered Mule doth weare the day
Kept for his Lords owne ſadle when him liſt;
Come *Valentine*, and play the *S*atryiſt.
*T*o ſee poore ſucklings welcom'd to the light
*W*ith ſearing yrons of ſome ſowre *Iacobite*,
Or golden offers of an aged foole
*T*o make his Coffin ſome *Franciſcans* coule.
*T*o ſee the Popes blacke knight, a cloked *Frere*
*S*weating in the channell like a *Scauengere*.

SAT. 2

Whom earſt thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the Corner-croſſe thou did'ſt him meet,
Tumbling his *Reſaries* hanging at his belt
Or his *Barretta*, or his towred felte,
To ſee a laſie dumb *Acholithite*,
Armed againſt a deuout Flyes deſpight,
Which at th' hy Alter doth the *Chalice* vaile
With a broad Flieflappe of a *Peacockes* tayle,
The whiles the likerous Prieſt ſpits euery tryce
With longing for his morning *Sacrifice*.
Which he reres vp quite perpendiculare,
That the mid-church doth ſpite the *Chancels* fare,
Beating their emptie mawes that would be fed,
With the ſcant morſels of the *Sacrists* bread.
Would he not laugh to death, when he ſhould heare
The ſhameleſſe Legends of *S. Chriſtopher*,
S. George, the *S*leepers, or *S. Peters* well
Or of his daughter good *S. Petronell*,

But

SAT. 2

But had he heard the Female Fathers grone,
Yeaning in mids of her processiõ.
Or now should see the needlesse tryall-chayre,
(When ech is proued by his bastard heyre)
Or saw the Churches, & new Calendere
Pestred with mungrell Saints, and reliques dere,
Should hee cry out on Cedro's tedious Tomes,
Whē his new rage would aske no narrower roomes?

FINIS.

IT is not for euery one to reliſh a true and Natural Satyre, being of it ſelfe beſides the nature and in bred bitternes and tartnes of the perticulers, both hard of concept, and harſh of ſtile, and therefore cannot but be vnpleaſing both to the vnſkilfull, and ouer Muſicall eare, the one being affected with onely a ſhallow and eaſie matter, the other with a ſmoth and currant diſpoſition; ſo that I well foreſee in the timely publication of theſe my concealed Satyres, I am ſet vpon the racke of many mercileſſe & peremptory cenſures; which ſith the calmeſt, and moſt plauſible writer is almoſt fatally ſubiect vnto, in the curioſitie of theſe nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted vpon the occaſion of ſo buſy & ſtirring a ſubiect. One thinkes it mis-beeeming the Author, becauſe a Poem; another vnlawfull in it ſelfe becauſe a Satyre; a third harmefull to others for the ſharpneſſe, a fourth vn Satyre like for the mildneſſe: The learned too perſpicuous, being named with Iuuenall, Perſius, and the other ancient Satyres; The vnlearned, ſauoureleſſe, becauſe too obſcure, and obſcure becauſe not vnder their reach. VVhat a monſter muſt he be that woulde pleaſe all?

Certainely looke what wether it would be if euery Almanacke ſhould be verified, much what like Poems, if euery fancie ſhould be ſuted. It is not for this kinde to deſire or hope to pleaſe, which naturally ſhould onely finde pleaſure in diſpleaſing; notwithſtanding if the fault finding with the vices of the time, may honeſtly accord with the good will of the parties I had as leaue, eaſe my ſelfe with a ſlender Apologie, as wilfully beare the brunt of cauſeleſſe anger in my ſilence. For Poetry it ſelfe, after the ſo effectuall and abſolute indeauours of her honored Patrons, either ſhee needeth no new defence, or elſe might well ſcorne the offer

of

of ſo impotent and poore a client: Onely for my owne part; tho were ſhee a more vnworthie Miſtreſſe, I thinke ſhe might be inoffenſiuely ſerued with the broken Meſſes of our twelue-a-clocke houres, which homely ſeruice ſhe onely claimed and found of mee, for that ſhort while of my attendance; yet hauing thus ſoone taken my ſolemne Farewell of her, and ſhaked handes with all her retinue. why ſhould it be an eye ſore vnto any, ſith it can be no loſſe to my ſelfe:

For my Satyres themſelues, I ſee two obuious cauils to be anſwered. One concerning the matter; then which, I confeſſe none can be more open to daunger, to enuie, Sith falts loath nothing more then the light, and men loue nothinge more then their faults, and therefore what through the nature of the faults, and faulte of the perſons, it is impoſſible ſo violent an appeachment ſhould be quietly brooked: But why ſhould vices be vnblamed for feare of blame? and if thou maiſt ſpit vpon a *Toade* vnuenomed, why maiſt thou not ſpeake of a vice without daunger. Eſpecially ſo warily as I haue indeauoured, who in the vnpartiall mention of ſo many vices, may ſafely profeſſe to be altogether guiltleſſe in my ſelfe to the intention of any guiltie perſon who might be blemiſhed by the likelyhoode of my conceiued application, thereupon chooſing rather to marre mine owne verſe then anothers name: which notwithſtanding if the iniurious reader ſhall wreſt to his owne ſpight, and diſparaging of others, it is a ſhort anſwere. Art thou guiltye? complaine not thou art notwronged, art thou guiltleſſe? complaine not thou art not touched. The other concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much ſtouping to the low reach of the vulgar, I ſhalbe thought not to haue any whit kindly raught my ancient *Roman* predeceſſors, whome in the want of more late and familiar preſidents I am conſtrained thus farre of to

imitate: which thing I can be ſo willing to graunt that I am further reade to warrant my action therein to any indifferent cenſure. Firſt therefore I dare boldly auouch that the Engliſh is not altogether ſo naturall to a Satyre as the Latin, which I doe not impute to the nature of the language it ſelfe, being ſo farre from diſabling it any way, that me thinks I durſt equall it to the proudeſt in euery reſpect, but to that which is cõmon to it withall other cõmon languages Italian, Frenche Germaine, &c. in their Poeſyes, the fettering together the ſeries of the verſes, with the bones of like cadence or deſinence of ryme, which if it be vſually abrupt, and not dependent in ſence vpon ſo neere affinitie of words. I know not what a loathſome kinde of harſhnes & diſcordance it breadeth to any iudiciall eare: which if any more cõfident aduerſary ſhall gainſay, I wiſh no better trial then the tralatiõ of one of *Perſius* his Satyrs into Engliſh, the difficultie & diſonãce wherof, ſhal make good my aſſertion, beſides the plaine experience thereof in the Satyres of Arioſto, (ſaue which) and one baſe french Satyre, I could neuer attaine the view of any for my direction, (& that alſo might for neede ſerue for an excuſe at leaſt,) whoſe chaine-verſe to which he fettereth himſelfe, as it may well afford a pleaſing harmony to the eare, ſo can it yelde nothing but a flaſhy and looſe conceyt to the iudgement. Whereas the *Roman* numbers tying but one foote to another, offereth a greater freedom of varietie, with much more delight to the reader. Let my ſecond ground be, the well-knowne daintines of the time, ſuch, that men rather chooſe careleſly to leaſe the ſwete of the kernell, then to vrge their teeth with breaking of the ſhell wherein it is wrapped, and therefore ſith that which is vnſeene is almoſt vn-

done

done, and that is almoſt vnſeene which is vnconceiued, either I would ſay nothing to be vntalkt of, or ſpeake with my mouth open that I may be vnderſtoode. Thirdly the end of this paines was a Satyre, but the end of my Satyre a further good, which whether I attaine or no I know not, but let me be plaine with hope of profite, rather then purpoſely obſcure only for a bare names ſake.

Notwithſtanding in the expectation of this quarell, I thinke my firſt Satyre doth ſomewhat reſemble the ſoure & crabbed face of Iuuenals, which I indeauouring in that did determinately omit in the reſt, for theſe forenamed cauſes, that ſo I might haue ſomewhat to ſtope the mouth of euery accuſer. The reſt, to eſch mans cenſure: which let be as fauourable, as ſo thankleſſe a worke can deſerue, or deſire.

FINIS.

After this impression was finished, vpou the Authors knowledge, *I* had the viewe of a more perfect Copy, wherein were these additions and corrections, which *I* thought good to place here, desiring the reader to refer them to their places.

Additions

Betwene the 10. *and* 11. *line of the* 16. *page.*

*VV*hile yet he rousteth at some vncouth signe,
Nor neuer red his Tenures second line,

Ρωμη Ρυμη

SAT. 7. lib 4.

Who saies these Romish Pageants,
To be the &c.

And so to the ende

Corrections.

Twilight. forch, for twilight Torch pag. 9. lin. 2. The sunne & ayre, for to sunne & ayre. p. 14. l. 1. sayle, for sale. p. 19. l. 2. Merchant, for Chapman. p. 21. l. 5. Heritate, for Heritage. p. 23 l. 9. AEsopus, for Asopus. p. 26. l. 12. ought as that, for ought at that. p. 30. l. 16. This for their. p. 30. l. 7. Syned's for Cyned's. p. 40. l. 1. gloking for gloZing. p. 42. l. 9. wayne, for wane. p. 54 l. 18. braue Lordship, for straue Lordship. p. 55. l. 8. the for thy. p. 74 l. 6. Senator for Sanator. p. 82 l. 15. smites for snites. p. 85. l. 2. perch, for parch. p. 88. l. 8. crub, for curb. p. 89. l. 14. Rauge, for raunge. ibid.

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